

BATMAN
No. 26

DEC., JAN.



TEN
CENTS

BATMAN



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6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES: (Issued every other month)

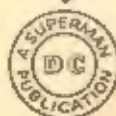
ALL-FLASH*
ALL-STAR COMICS*
BATMAN
MUTT & JEFF
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN*

4 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES: (Issued every third month)

BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE*

*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, **MORE FUN** and **ADVENTURE** will be published bi-monthly; **ALL-FLASH**, **ALL-STAR COMICS**, **WONDER WOMAN** and **MUTT & JEFF** will become quarterly; **ALL-AMERICAN** will be published only eight times a year; and **PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE** only twice a year until further notice.

Only in



are found

THESE TOP-RANKING HEROES

of the

COMICS WORLD!



• FOR A GUARANTEE OF
THE BEST IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE, ALWAYS LOOK
FOR THE SUPERMAN-DC
SYMBOL ON THE COVER!





CRIMINALS FOR THE
BOOKS IS THE
CUNNING CAVALIER, THAT
SWASHBUCKLING SWORDSMAN
OF CRIMES! FOR IN A SINGLE BOLD
LEAP, HE SPRINGS FROM THE
GARNERING OF MINIATURE BOOTY-
TRINKETS AND GADGETS AND ODD
BRIC-A-BRAC--TO THE MOST COLOSSAL
LOOT IN THE WORLD! BUT THERE'S NO
ELUDING THE MIGHTY BATMAN AND
ROBIN, AS THEY TAKE TO THE
TRAIL OF THE ROMANTIC ROGUE
IN HIS LATEST PUZZLE OF THE...
"TWENTY TON ROBBERY!"



UNMASKED BY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN AS MORTIMER DRAKE. A PLAYBOY IN BRUCE WAYNE'S OWN SOCIAL SET, THE DASHING CAVALIER LURKS IN A SHABBY SECTION OF GOTHAM CITY...

LUCIFER TAKE THAT MEDDLESOME PAIR! THEY HAVE FOUND THE CAVALIER OUT AS MORTIMER DRAKE! I CAN NO LONGER APPEAR IN MY OWN IDENTITY!



BUT THAT'S EASILY FIXED! WITH MODERN MAKEUP, I CAN CHANGE MY APPEARANCE AS OFTEN AND COMPLETELY AS I WANT! AND AS FOR A NAME—ALBERT FOSTER WILL DO AS WELL AS ANY!



HA, HA, BATMAN! NO BATMAN, THE CAVALIER WILL CONTINUE HIS CRIMINAL CAREER... AND MORE SPECTACULARLY THAN EVER!



SOON, IN A FAVORITE UNDERWORLD AMUSEMENT CENTER...

SO YOU'RE THE CAVALIER AND YOU WANT US TO THROW IN WITH YOU, HUH? WHAT D'YOU TAKE US FOR—CHUMPS? HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE THE CAVALIER?

A SIMPLE MATTER TO PROVE...



ON GUARD!



YIPE!

ZUT! SO!

DIDYA SEE THAT? ONLY THE CAVALIER COULDA USED A STICK THAT WAY!

GOLLY, NOW WE KNOW WHAT THE CAVALIER REALLY LOOKS LIKE!

WE'LL WORK WITH YOU, CAVALIER, BUT NOT FOR THEM LITTLE TRINKETS YOU USED TO GO AFTER!

TWO POINTS—FIRST, YOU STILL DO NOT KNOW WHAT I LOOK LIKE, FOR I HAVE MANY IDENTITIES! SECOND, YOU PROVIDE THE BRAUN AND I THE WIT, AND WE SHALL HAVE MORE COIN OF THE REALM THAN YOU EVER DEEMED POSSIBLE!





NEXT NIGHT, A SOCIALITE MASQUERADE BALL IS IN PROGRESS... AND AMONG THE GUESTS ARE PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

WE CAN'T SEEM TO GET AWAY FROM THE CAVALIER, BRUCE! THE PLACE IS FULL OF 'EM!

THAT'S NOT UNUSUAL AT A COSTUME PARTY, DICK!



SUDDENLY...

ATTENTION, ONE AND ALL! AS YOU CAN INSTANTLY SEE, I AM THE CAVALIER. COME TO ROB YOU! MY MEN WILL PASS AMONG YOU AND DIVEST YOU OF YOUR VALUABLES!



BUT THE NEXT INSTANT...

SAY, MAYBE THIS ISN'T A JOKE! HE DOES LOOK LIKE THE CAVALIER!

ANYBODY IN THAT OUTFIT WOULD—THOSE OTHER CAVALIERS, FOR INSTANCE!



HAND OVER YOUR DOUGH AND JEWELRY, FOLKS!

AND DON'T ARGUE, OR YOU'LL GO OUT ON A STRETCHER!



UNOBTUSIVELY, TWO FIGURES SLIP OUT OF THE PANIC-FILLED ROOM... AND RETURN AS—BATMAN AND ROBIN!

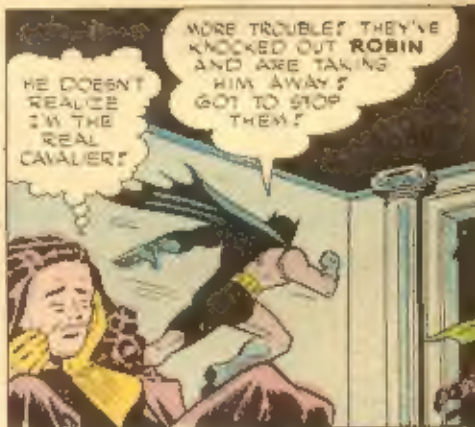
DON'T LET US INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE GAME... IF YOU CAN HELP IT!

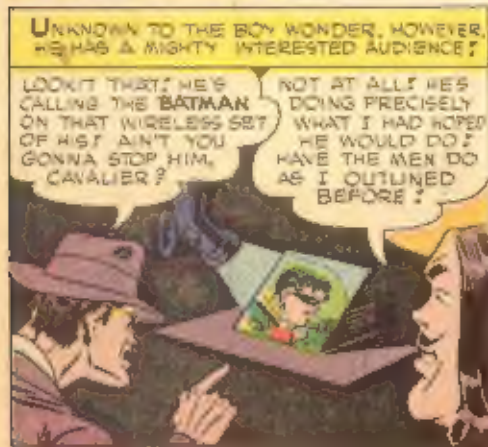
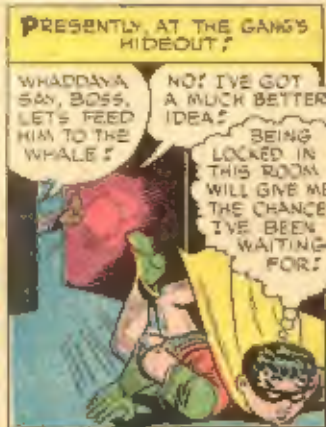
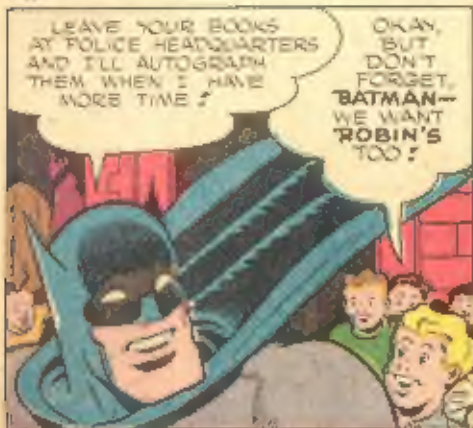


SURE—WE'RE JUST ADDING AN AUTHENTIC TOUCH TO THE MASQUERADE!

DID I SAY TOUCH? WELL, IT'S AUTHENTIC ANYHOW!









MINUTES LATER, ROBIN IS HAULED FROM HIS MAKE-SHIFT CELL...

PARBLEU! THIS WILL BE THE END OF A PAIR OF INFERNAL NUISANCES! BEHIND THIS WALL, MY DEAR ROBIN, TWO CROSSBOWS STRAIN! IF YOU PULL AT YOUR SHACKLES, ONE STEEL ARROW WILL BE RELEASED, KILLING YOU INSTANTLY!

BOY AIN'T THIS GREAT?

IF YOU STILL LIVE WHEN BATMAN RUNS RECKLESSLY THROUGH THIS PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM I'VE JUST SET, THE TWO OF YOU WILL DIE TOGETHER! FOR THEN, ONE ARROW WILL WING TOWARD YOU... AND THE OTHER TOWARD YOUR DOOMED COHORT! FAREWELL FOREVER!

HOLY SMOKE! HOW AM I GOING TO GET US OUT OF THIS? I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!

BUT IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, THE MANTLED MANHUNTER ARRIVES... AT A RECKLESS RUN, AS THE CAVALIER PREDICTED!

HOLD ON ROBIN! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!

AI-M-M-F-F-F!

WE CAN'T HEAR ME- AND HOW AM I GOING TO WARN HIM? WAIT! THESE SHACKLES WERE JUST DRIVEN INTO THE WALL! MAYBE THIS'LL WORK...

ELECTRIC-SWIFT, THE BOY WONDER ACTS...

IT'S DOING THE TRICK! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS DIP MY FINGER IN THE LOOSE PLASTER DUST OF THE HOLE WHERE THE SHACKLE WAS DRIVEN... AND THEN WRITE ON THE WALL!

WHAT? OH, THE CAVALIER WAS UP TO HIS USUAL GAME AGAIN! GOOD OLD ROBIN FIGURING A WAY TO WARN ME IN TIME!

Careful!
Finger!

NOW WHAT? WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE AN ELECTRIC EYE!

A PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM, EH? WELL! THIS FLASHLIGHT FROM MY UTILITY BELT WILL KEEP THE CIRCUIT FROM BEING BROKEN WHILE I WALK AROUND IT AND THROUGH THE REAL BEAM! THEN WHATEVER WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN - CAN'T!



AS STEEL-TIPPED DEATH LURKS IN WAIT, THE BATMAN WORKS SWIFTLY AND SURELY...



SPRINGS ON ROBIN'S MANACLES... I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL...

AND A MOMENT LATER...

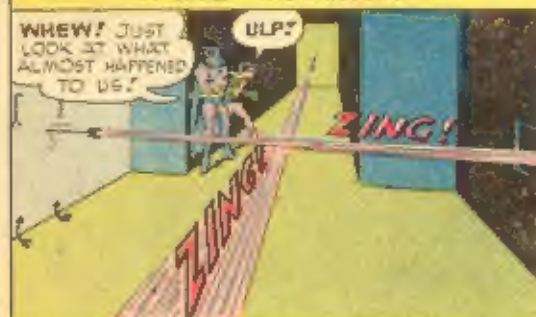
SO INSTEAD OF FEEDING ME TO A WHALE, AS ONE OF THE GANGSTERS SUGGESTED, THE CAVALIER THOUGHT UP THIS NEAT LITTLE TRICK OF THE WEEK! FEED YOU TO THE WHALE! I WONDER...



THEY MUST INTEND TO ROB THE CITY WHALING MUSEUM, WHERE THE FIRST WHALE EVER CAPTURED ALIVE IS BEING EXHIBITED AT FIFTY CENTS THAT DOESN'T A HEAD TO TREMENDOUS SOUND MUCH LIKE THE CAVALIER! HE MUST HAVE ANOTHER ANGLE!



BEFORE LEAVING, BATMAN DELIBERATELY BREAKS THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC BEAM FOR A BRIEF INSTANT...



WHWEH! JUST LOOK AT WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED TO US!

ULP!

ZING!

AT THAT MOMENT, A STRANGE SIGHT IS TO BE SEEN IN THE CITY WHALING MUSEUM...



LOOK-REAL WHALING MEN, MAMA!

IMAGINE THAT-PUTTIN' HARPOONS IN A CASE AND CHARGIN' FOLKS MONEY TO LOOK AT 'EM!



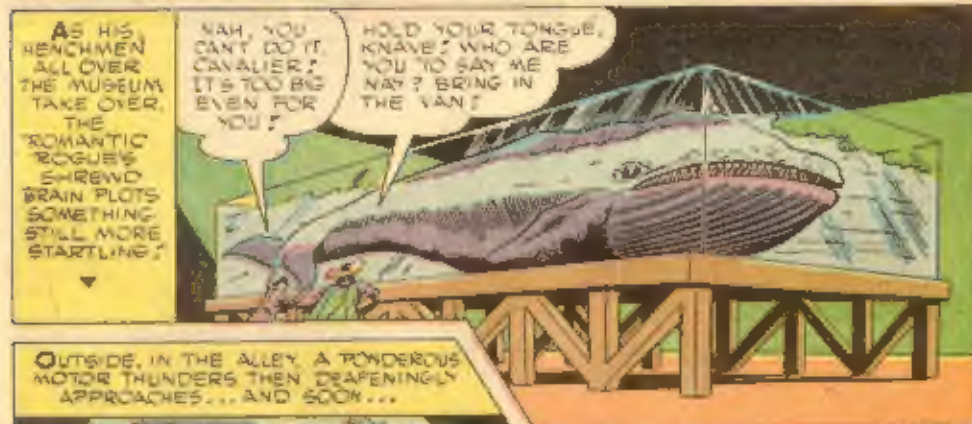
HA, HAT YOU'D THINK THEY WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE HOW THEY MAKE A LIVING EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR? BUT I GUESS EVERYBODY LIKES TO TAKE A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY!

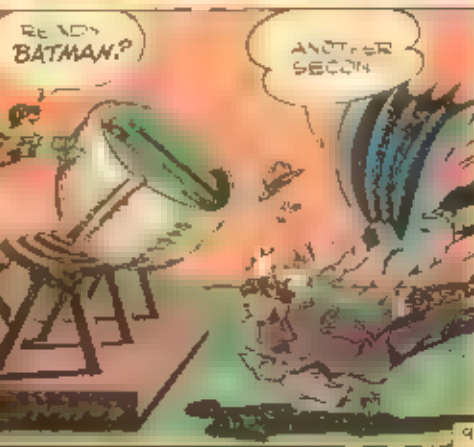
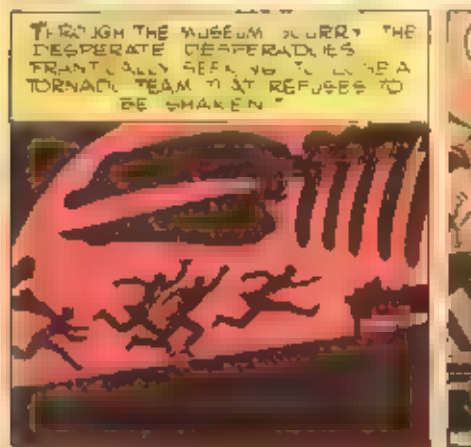
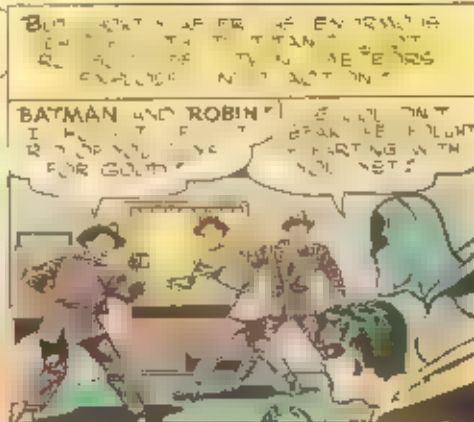
SUDDENLY...

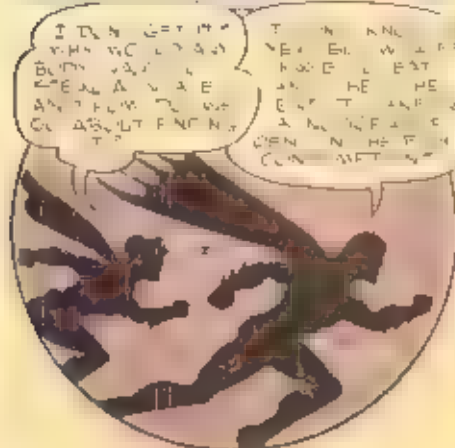
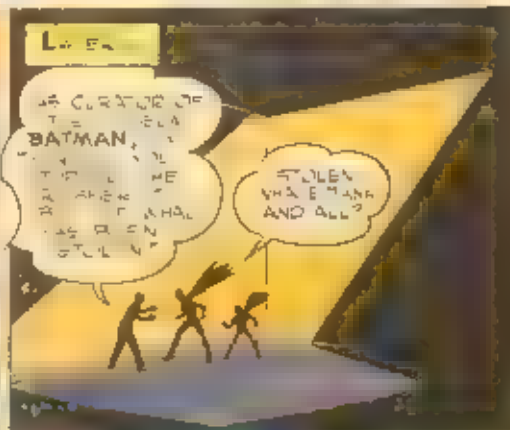
AIN'T THE CAVALIER A CARD-THINKIN' UP THIS WAY OF GETTIN' CLOSE TO THE GUARDS WITHOUT THEM GETTIN' SUSPICIOUS?

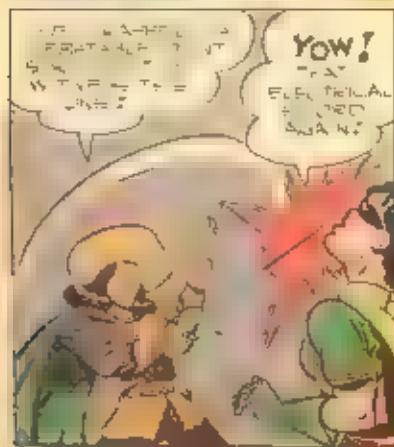
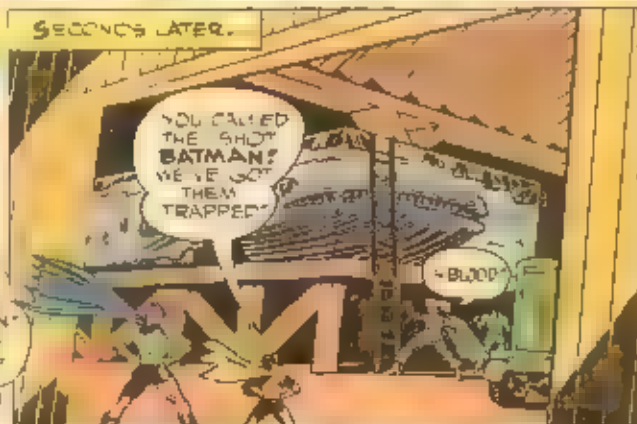
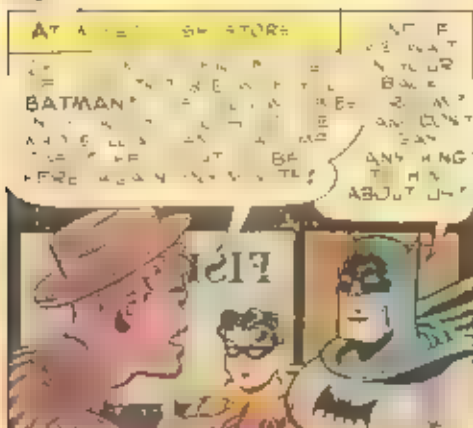


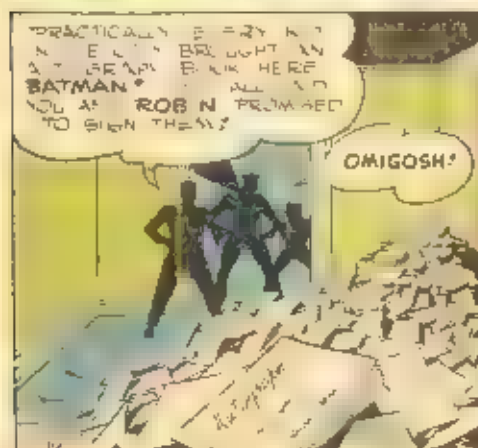
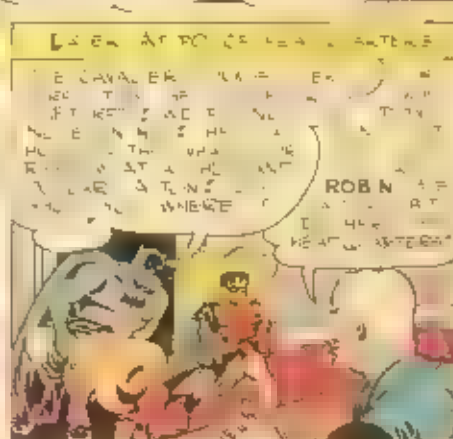
YEAH! THIS IDEAS A BEAUT!









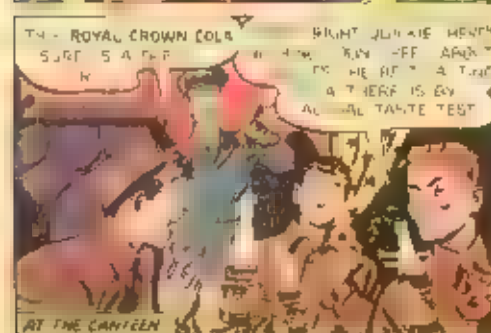
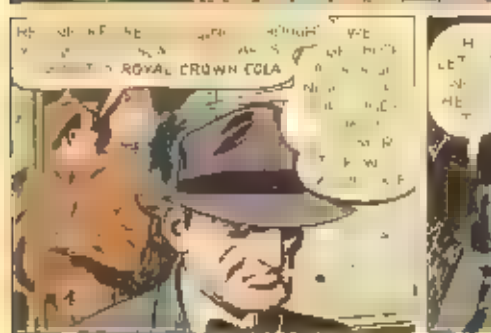


ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

CAPTURING THE COUNTERFEITERS



THEY DON'T HAVE
PLANTAIN THAT
FOR THE... ANTS
FOR A... M...
FAS...
THAT'S...
I WONDER



AT THE CANTINE

COWBOY WILD BILL ELLIOTT SAYS
THAT'S A FACT! IT
DOES TASTE BEST!
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste Test

The Adventures of ALFRED

"RECIPE FOR REVENGE!"

LOOK AT YOU MAWSTER BRUCE! AND YOU TOO, MAWSTER DICK CHASING ABOUT DAY AND NIGHT, AND NOT A DECENT HOME-LOOKED MEAL A WEEK! ITS POSITIVELY UNHEALTHY!

BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE BEEN BUSY ALFRED.

QUITE SO! BUT TONIGHT SHALL BE DEDICATED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE AM-INGURGATION OF VITAMINS IN SHORT SIES I PROPOSE A GALA DINNER TO COMPENSATE FOR A LEAN WEEK.

BOY WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN ONE OF YOUR FANCY FEEDS!

GOOD! I SHALL GO AT ONCE TO A CERTAIN DOWN-TOWN MARKET AND PURCHASE VARIOUS RARE INGREDIENTS UNOBTAINABLE AT THE LOCAL SHOPS.

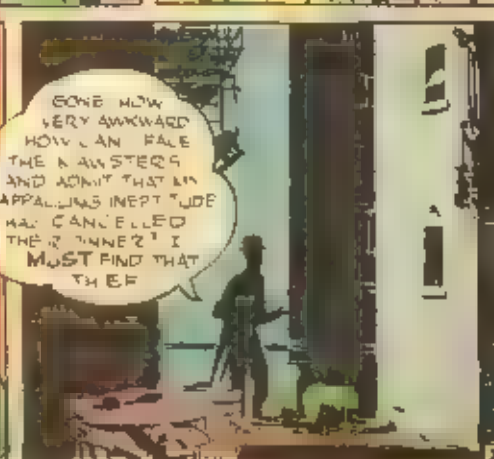
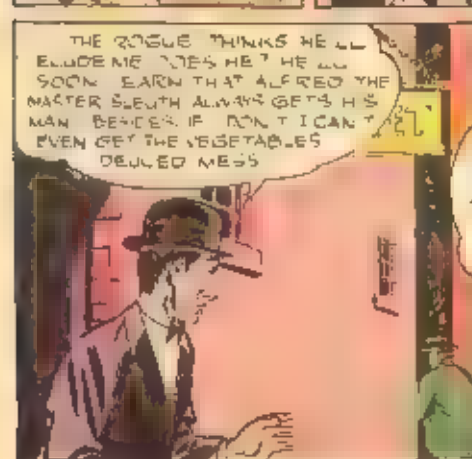
AND DON'T SPARE THE SPICES ALFRED.

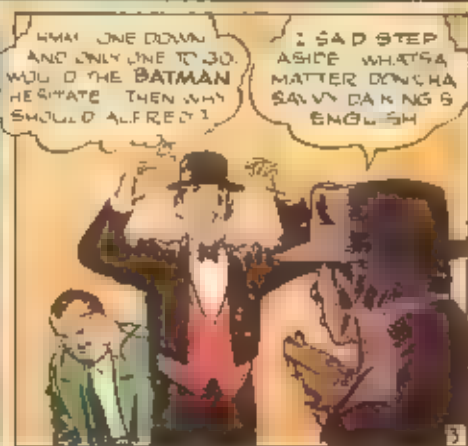
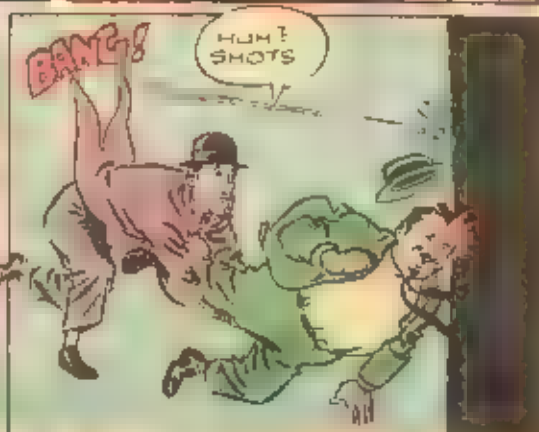
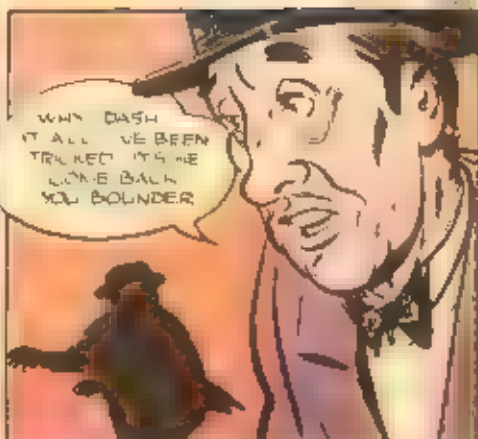
AND UPON MY RET-URN YOU SHALL SAVOR MY GENIUS IN THE ART OF COOKING AS YOU HAVE NEVER SAURED IT BEFORE.

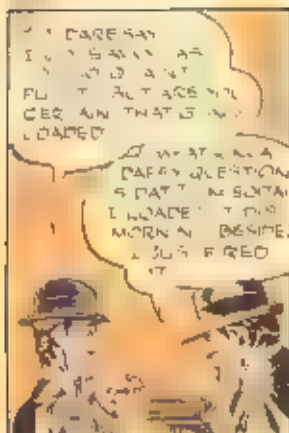
IF YOUR WORD SLINGING CAN BE TAKEN AS A SAMPLE OF TONIGHT'S HARSH-SLINGING I'LL BE SOME THING.

AFTER THE WAY WE'VE EATEN THIS WEEK THAT DINNER REALLY SOUNDS WONDERFUL!

MY MOUTH'S WATERING ALREADY.

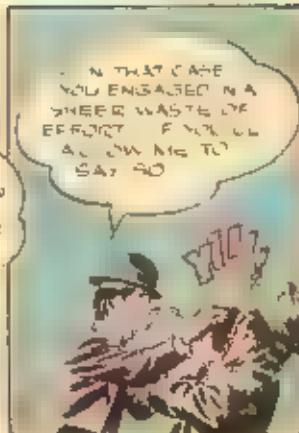






"DARE I SAY
I'D SAY AS
A GOOD
FUT AT AGE YOU
CER AN THAT'S
LOADED"

"WHAT A
DAREY QUESTION
S THAT IN SO MANY
I LOADED THIS
MORNIN BESIDES
A LUG FRED
IT"



"IN THAT CASE
YOU ENGAGED NA
SHEER WASTE OF
EFFORT FOR US
ALL OWING TO
SAY SO"



"WHAT'S
GON ON
HERE"

"AN POLICE
FEY EFFAY THEE
I TO TO ESCAPE
GANGSTER WHO
TRALKE TO WENGE
KEE'S BROTHER
THEE BOKE FELLOW
HE SAVE ME"

"BUT MY
WALLET
ON DEAR"



"NOW I
KNOW IT
IS A BROTHER"

"HAYN
BEARS HAVE
MOVE AN IN
PASTURE LATURE"

"YES HE COME AFTER
WE FOR GEEVING
EVIDENCE THAT SEND
EES BROTHAIR TO
AIL RUN EVERY
WHERE FOR POLICE
I TKEENK THEE'S
FELLOW ALSO CROOK
TILL E SAVE ME
FROM B. L. E"

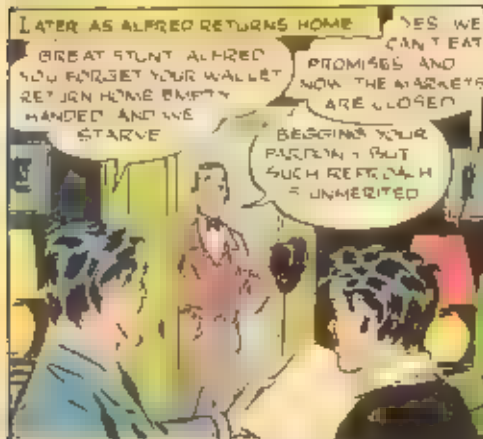


"NICE WORK
PA. NERVY
THING TO
DO"

"I AM OVAITFLOW
WEEETH GRAY TUNE
YOU HAVE MY LIFE
YOU ARE GRAY
FED"

"D I SAY
I WAS
NOTHING"

"HAYN HE
CAN HARDLY BE
A PUCKLE DID
I PERHAPS FORGET
MY
WALLET"



"LATER AS ALFRED RETURNS HOME"

"GREAT STUNT ALFRED
YOU FORGET YOUR WALLET
RETOURN HOME EMPTY
HANDED AND WE
STARVE"

"YES WE
CAN'T EAT
PROMISES AND
NOW THE MARKETS
ARE CLOSED"

"BEGINNING YOUR
PARADISE BUT
SUCH REGRETH
UNMERITED"



"I MAY PRESENT MY BLOOD
FE BOND PIERRE MASTER
LIEP OF THE GOTHAM HOTEL
HE SPILUTELY NASTIC IN
SUPPLYING AND PREPARING
OUR PRO ELTED
DINNER HIMSELF"

"FOR MY GOOD
FRIEND ALFRED
PIERRE COON
TONIGHT LIKE
NEVER
BEFORE"

DOUBLE DUNKER

Def. 1.1. Let (X, \mathcal{F}) be a fuzzy topological space. A fuzzy set A in X is called a *fuzzy closed set* if $A = \overline{A}$. A fuzzy set A in X is called a *fuzzy open set* if $A = \text{int}(A)$. A fuzzy set A in X is called a *fuzzy clopen set* if A is both fuzzy open and fuzzy closed.

ON STOP ASKING AT
HE SUNDAY HE
GIVE ME AN CAR ASHES

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$

THE
UNIVERSITY OF
TORONTO

WADSWORTH E JUST
MAY 1907
E W
ME ME ME X
JUST LEY
THOS AN JUV

PL R 547 A 7 E 4 H 5

Handwritten notes on lined paper, including the word "Circ" and various mathematical expressions and diagrams.

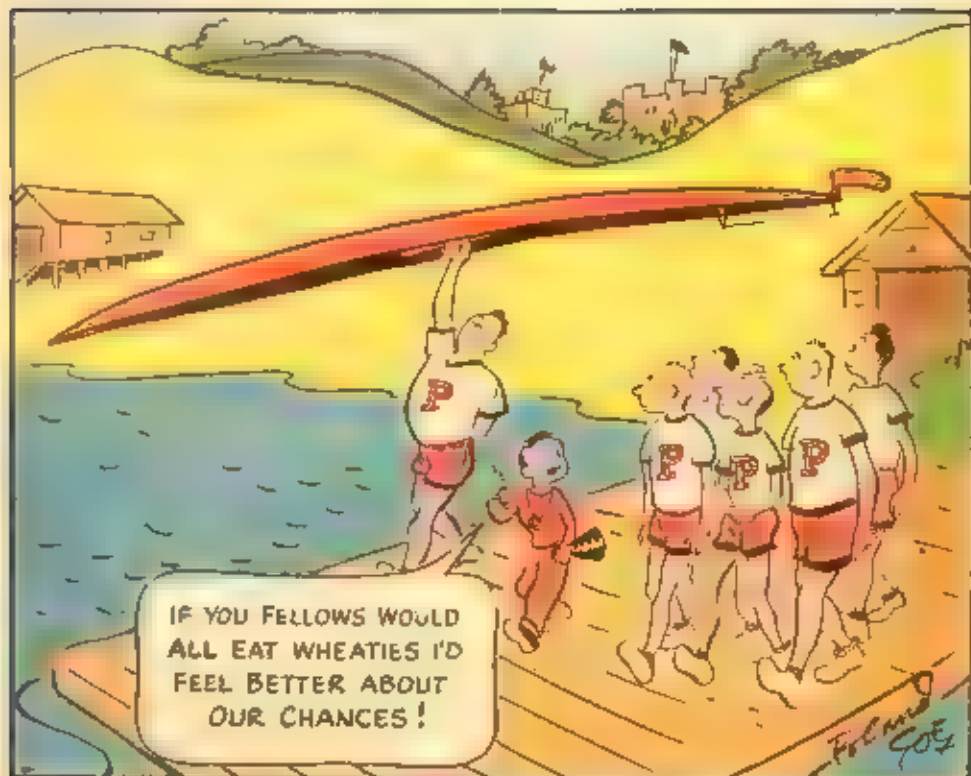
ON YEAR 2 WHEN I WENT IN CONSCIENCE
I FEELT A LITTLE MY DIGNITY AS A MAN
WHAT ABOUT MYSELF RESPECT - MY
PRIDE MY REPUTATION? - WHAT AM I
ANYWAY A MAN'S MAN OR A KITTY CAT?

2. CYKAP
YOUR VIEWPOINT
IS A FEELY
FANTASTIC

[illegible]

IS THAT, BY ANY NAME
RECEIVED?

M-MER-OV-ON!!



IF YOU FELLOWS WOULD
ALL EAT WHEATIES I'D
FEEL BETTER ABOUT
OUR CHANCES!

*Fo and
Soe*

"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

YOU'RE BETTERING YOUR CHANCES WHEN YOU SHOVE OFF WITH A GOOD NOURISHING BREAKFAST. AND IF YOU TAKE A TIP FROM MANY LEADING COACHES AND STAR ATHLETES YOU'LL INCLUDE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT, CRISP, TOASTED AND FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH SWEET MALT SYRUP. CHUCK FULL OF CONCENTRATED WHOLE GRAIN FOOD ENERGY AND SWEET "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR.

GIVE YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL A CHAMPION START. STARTING TOMORROW MORNING GET GOING WITH ALL THE ZESTY NOURISHMENT AND ZIPPY FLAVOR IN A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

A Product of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

HEFTY
WHOLE GRAIN
NOURISHMENT
IN WHEATIES!

BATMAN

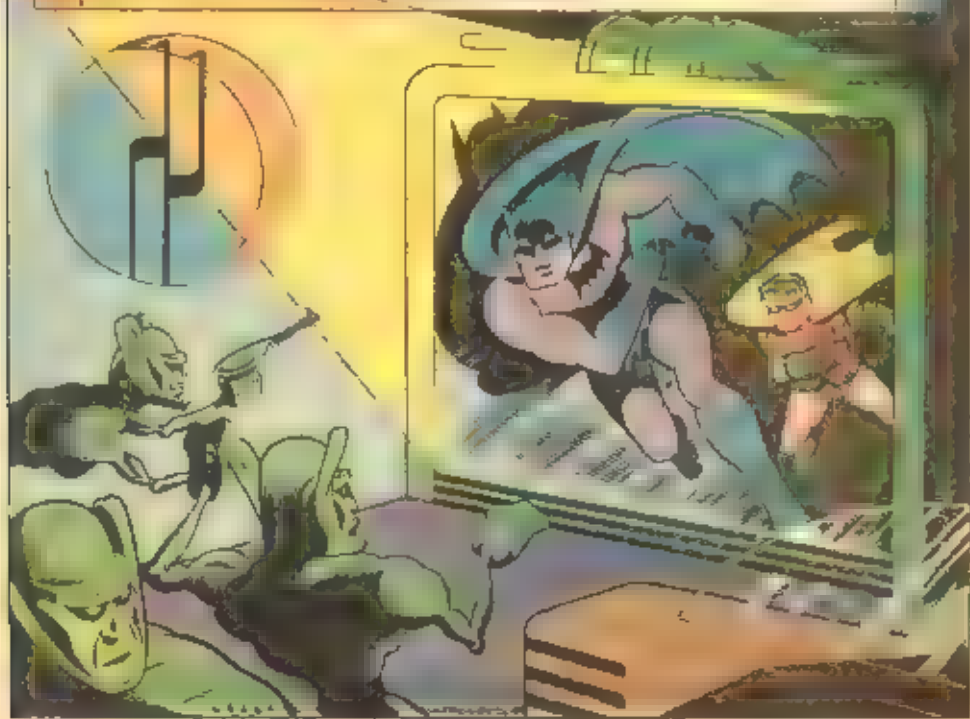
ROBIN

THIS STORY CONCERNS BATMAN AND ROBIN, YET BATMAN AND ROBIN DO NOT APPEAR IN IT!

FOR IT IS NOT A STORY ABOUT BATMAN AND ROBIN, BUT A STORY OF PEOPLE WHO ARE PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS OF LIFE, DEATH AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS AND ARE NOT ALL ABOUT FIGHT FOR IT!

THERE ARE THE PEOPLE YOU SHALL DEAL ABOUT A PEOPLE OF TOMORROW FOR THE YEAR 2000'S

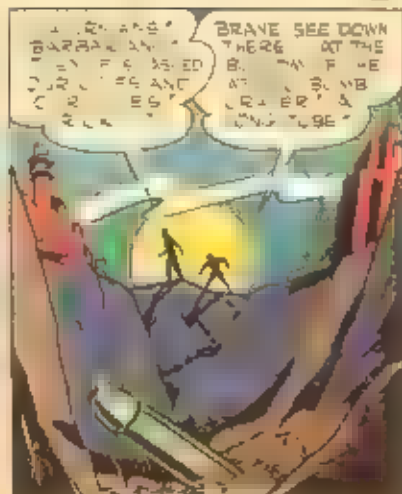
THE YEAR 2000'S





THIS IS THE WORLD AT THE MOMENT A WORLD IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP

THE SCIENCE OF THE FUTURE. SCIENTISTS AND ENGINEERS ARE CHARGED



THEY ARE THE BARBARIC SCIENTISTS OF THE FUTURE

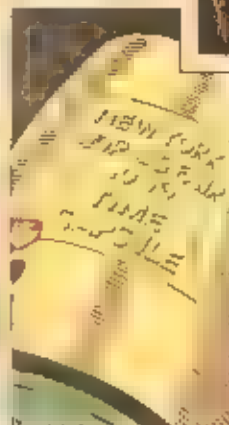
BRAVE SEE DOWN THERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF A LONG TUBE



CURIOUS THE TWO NEXT GATE

LOOKS LIKE A TWIN ENGINE UNDERSEA TORPEDO

HAS SOME ENGINE

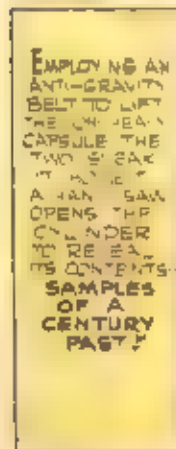


NEW YORK
FIVE



930
WENT
THAT'S
WAY
BACK

I FINALLY REMEMBER MY GREAT GRANDFATHER TAKING ABC AND HIS ROCK AND A FEND

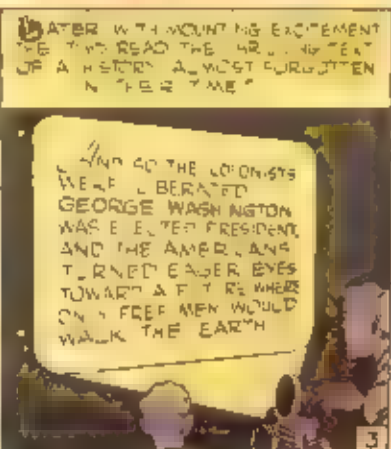


EMPLOYING AN ANTI-GRAVITY BELT TO LIFT THE CHIEF CAPSULE THE TWO S'BAK IT AND A MAN SAW OPENS THE CYLINDER TO REVEAL ITS CONTENTS SAMPLES OF A CENTURY PAST



AN ANCIENT OFFER RACOR

AND HERE'S MICROFILM, A DOREL FOR ELUON OF THE FASHIONED SECTION TO BE PRODUCED MACHINE TO'S THE HEF MY



WATER WITH MOUNTING EXCITEMENT THE TWO READ THE WRITING TEXT OF A HISTORY ALMOST FORGOTTEN IN THE TIME

AND SO THE COLONISTS WERE LIBERATED GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT AND THE AMERICANS TURNED EAGER EYES TOWARD A FREE MEN WOULD WALK THE EARTH

THEY
YOU AND
YOUR
THEY
AND
WELL FIGHT
FOR IT

LATER IN AN ANCIENT SLAVE TUNNEL, EARTH-
NGS LISTEN TO BRANES IMPASSIONED PLEA.

IN '76 HE
COLONEL'S FOUGHT
FOR FREEDOM WE
TOO MUST FIGHT"

THE LATER RO WINGMAN
- E SAT, REPLYING, EASIER
FROM CANYON AND
D. INTEGRATED
THE RE.

THE WEAPON IS
AFTER A SHORT
PERIOD OF
ON GERTY

422
A. L. = N. T.
H. S. T. = R. T.

IT
WOULDNT
WORK
ON ANY

THE CAT RANS
CAN BE
CONCRETE

SOON THE TUNNEL IS EMPTY BUT FOR
BRANE AND A GUESS

BRANE, I'M GLAD TO
 YOU I'M GOING TO
 MARRY, INSTEAD OF
 ONE OF THOSE
 SPINELESS COWARDS'

THEY'RE NOT COMING!
THEY'VE TAKEN FREEDOM
FOR GRANTED SO LONG
THEY'VE FORGOTTEN
HOW TO FIGHT FOR IT!

LATER AFTER LEAVING HIS ROOM

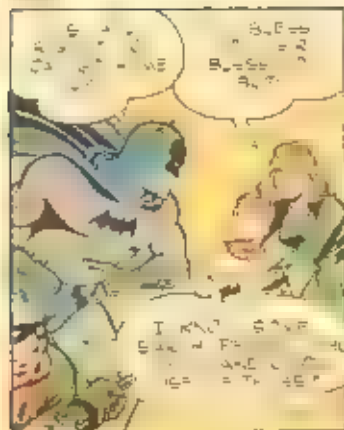
ST. LOUIS THE
PROTECTIVE SAN.
AND ARE THAT
MARKED X X
AND B. Y. ?

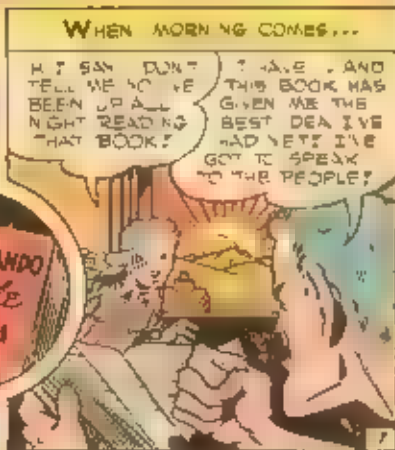
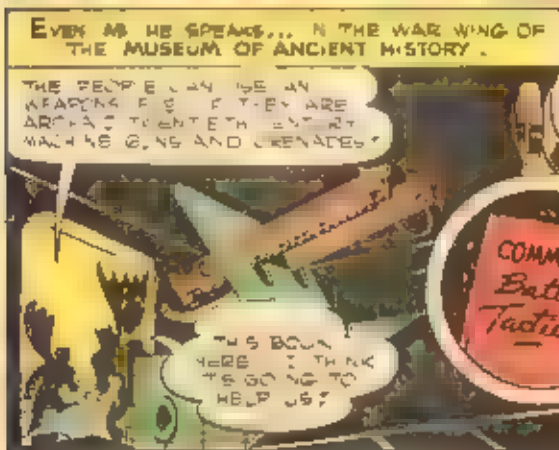
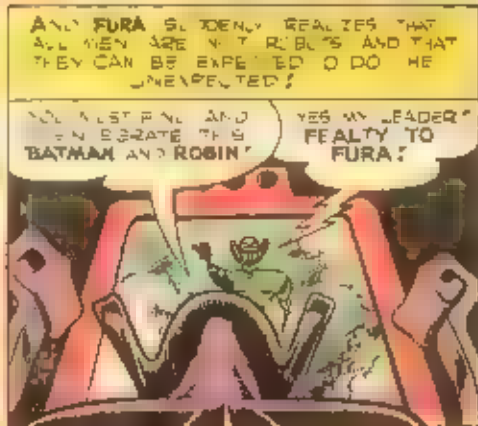
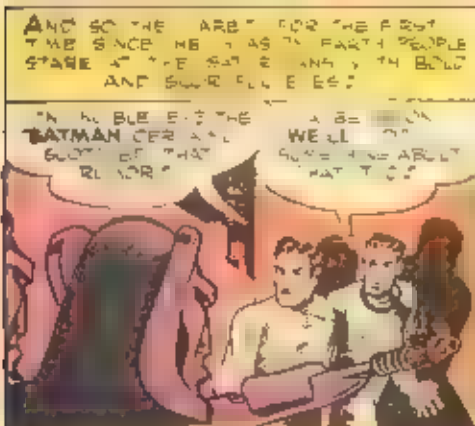
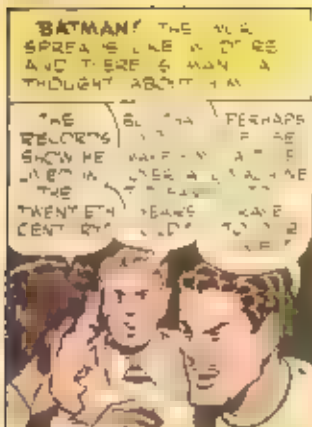
BATMAN AND
ROBIN - 12:30
AFTER 11:5
S & S REEL
PICTURE SHOW
ING NEW A
ACTION

BATMAN?
THE NAME
THAT
COST JWE
GEEYS
FAM & AR
SOMEHOW?
WHAT DID
THE TEXT
SAY ABOUT
"HEN"

IT WAS THAT ALONE THEY
FOUGHT FOR WE AND EVIL
WERE CHAMPIONS OF
JUSTICE THE INSPIRATION
OF THE PEOPLE AND
A NEW PRINCIPLE OF HUMAN
UNDEFEATABLE COURAGE

YES, THAT'S IT
THAT'S WHAT'S
NEEDED—A CHAMPION.
AN INSPIRATION.
A LIVING PROOF
OF MANY, MANY MORE!





FIGHT:

AND I THOUGHT
I WERE A MAN.
WE'LL SAY CHANGE
IN MY "COO"
I CAN KEEP A
OLD ENGAGEMENT
RING.

GOSH, RISKY HOW
CAN I EXPLAIN?
I CAN'T VERY
WELL. BE BETH
BRANE AND
BATMAN AT
CLASSES.

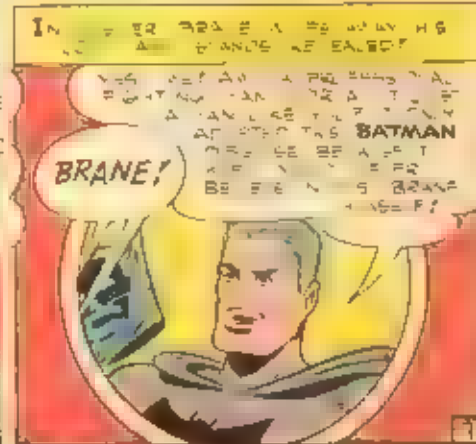
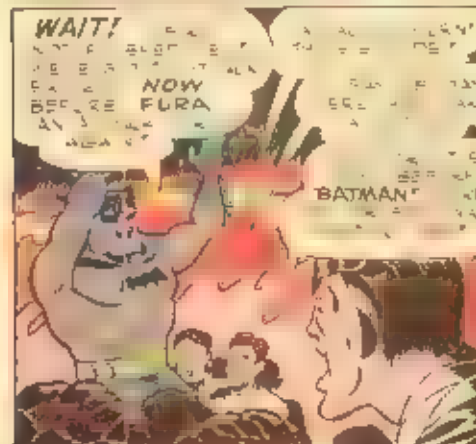
YOU CAN
EXPLAIN AFTER
THIS IS ALL
OVER! MEAN-
WHILE WE'VE
GOT A JOB TO DO!

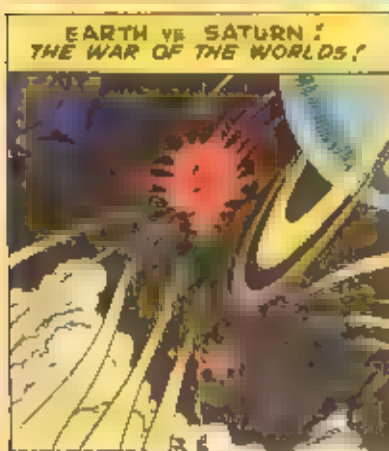
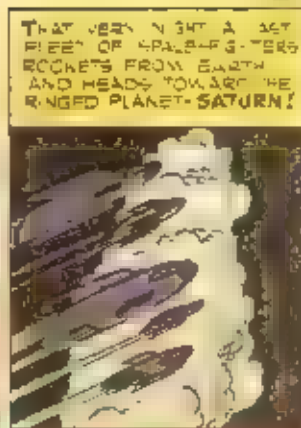
THEN FROM OUT OF
THE SKY PLUNGED THE
NEW SECRET WEAPON
CONSTRUCTED BY
THE EARTH PEOPLE
IN PRIVATE —
THE SKY SLED!

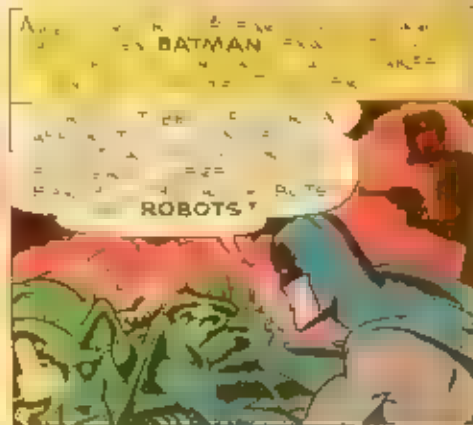
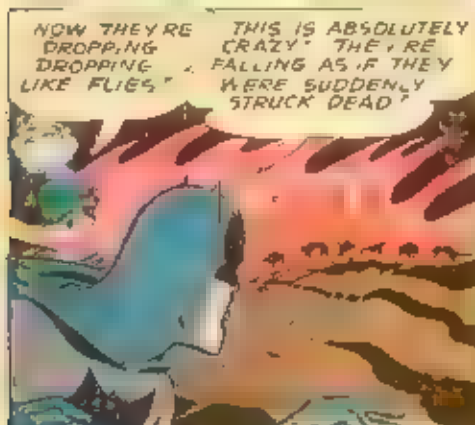
SURPRISE
SURPRISE!

3

406PQ:SE
5020R SE"









S... BATMAN...
...F...
...AND...

AND HERE...
...AND...
...A...

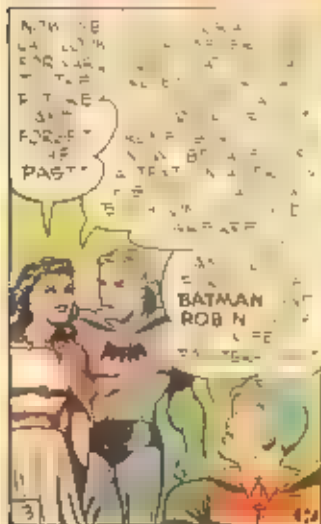


S... FL...
...THE...
...ON



...BATMAN...
...STRATO...
...HUNDRED...

BATMAN



NIGHT RIDER

by Tod Lowry

I REMEMBERED how Miss Abercrombie had looked during the afternoon when the message had come. Her face had gone white and she had whispered something to the farmer who had brought the note. Then, without so much as a warning for us to continue studying until school ended for the day, she had left.

I guess all we children knew something important was up. For months now our elders had been going around with solemn faces. They had been meeting mysteriously and talking in whispers about things that had happened through the Colonies. In the Virginia colony people had been as much aroused as were we of Boston.

War was close. That much we knew, although I am sure that if I had spoken so to my father I would be chastised. We children had been warned to say nothing about a rebellion, to discuss nothing.

I remember what my father said.

"This is a grave step to take, Jamie. We cannot continue to live under unbearable taxes and the yoke of a tyrant. Frankly, my son, we do not know what course to pursue. We are like a Captain standing his bridge, but without his charts. And we, like him, do not know where we are going."

He went on then to say that under no circumstance must we children discuss the conduct of our elders, allow no suspicion to be attached to their goings and comings.

Naturally, I was thrilled to be taken so into my father's confidence and my spirits were high. To my brother Davis, in

bed that night, I said: "No demon nor redcoat could drag a secret from me, Davis. Just think, if we of Boston break with the king, Paw will be a soldier—a hero."

Davis always was a little more practical than I, although a year younger. He pooh-poohed my enthusiasm.

"Paw will still be only a blacksmith," he said. "The soldiers are the heroes. The army will need Paw to shoe the horses if they have any."

My anger rose, then quickly subsided as I saw the logic of his words. "Nevertheless," I cried, "he is the best blacksmith in all Boston. And if our Army horses are to be well shod, there is no man better fitted than Paw to do it."

Davis laughed. Then, setting him do it," he said. "I am tired and wish to sleep."

I did not sleep much that night. Instead I lay looking out at the blanket of stars that covered our sleeping city. It all seemed so peaceful, so quiet. In the waters of the harbor, the frigates lay in black silhouette, surrounded by smaller craft. For once, there wasn't a British warship poised with guns ready to strike.

For we of Boston had been careful, I repeated. After the tea party, the fighting had subsided as if by prearranged plan. The days that succeeded made the tense tranquility seem almost oppressive. We attended school daily, played after school as was our custom, and did our chores. Yet the atmosphere seemed charged with violence to come.

I do not know what caused

this. Even today I cannot tell. As I write this, I am with General Washington, at a place called Valley Forge. It is bitterly cold here, so cold that it is almost impossible for me to hold drumsticks in hand.

But I am telling another story. The story I wish to tell is of a hero, my father. Yes, he was a hero, although I did not know it then.

I remember the night it happened. Davis and I were in bed, having been sent there earlier than usual. Both my brother and I were wondering about this strange conduct on the part of our elders. All day, they had seemed preoccupied. So, too, had the people of Boston. Their faces had been set, grim. And I, seeing them, had the feeling that something at last was going to happen.

But what? Talking it over with a half-sleepy Davis was no solution. Downstairs, the Rev. Fawkes, Peters the book-binder and my father, were talking in whispers. Outwardly, the gathering was only for the purpose of a friendly talk, but I knew this to be false. Every now and then, Mr. Peters would forget to whisper and his voice would waft upstairs to us. Twice I caught the words, 'warning' and 'ride'.

What did they mean? I could make no sense of them. I began to feel drowsy, I nodded, and then, suddenly, I was fast asleep.

It was the loud knocking on our door downstairs which disturbed my slumbers. In the room next to ours I heard my father stir, then go downstairs.

A buzz of excited conversation set my senses to rousing. I

shook Dave. "We've got an important visitor downstairs." I said excitedly. "I'm sure of it."

Dave looked at me in the moonlight with eyes heavy-lidded with sleep. "You're dreaming," he said drowsily. "Now please let me sleep." Without further ado, he rolled over into heavy slumber again. Sleep for me was out of the question. My mind raced, seeking an answer to the question of the identity of our nocturnal visitor.

And it was just as well I could not sleep. The door to our room opened, and my father's form flitted the doorway. He came to the bed, stood over it.

"Asleep, James boy?" he whispered.

"No sir," I said. "I was awakened by the knocking. Has something happened?"

For a moment, I thought my father was going to say something important. His chin was set and his eyes were hard. Instead, he said: "I need your help with the bellows at the forge. I must shoe a man's horse."

Disappointment welled up within me. I called myself a fool and a dreamer. I had been conjuring up visions of a secret rendezvous. Perhaps this stranger was a courier from the Virginia colony, to tell us that down South a blow had been struck. And all the while he was on vacation as a horseman. Rather disgustedly, I got out of bed and dressed hastily.

The man was waiting downstairs, impatiently pacing the floor. I looked at his stocky frame and thought: "It is well for you, stranger, that my father has so great a love for horses. No other blacksmith in all Boston would allow himself to be aroused from his sleep to shoe a horse."

My anger knew no bounds when the stranger said, rather testily: "Well, have no hurry,

Mr. Finch. There is no time to spare." I expected my father to make an angry retort and was quite surprised when he said, meekly: "I will make all possible haste."

I walked with my father to our shop, and the stranger, who had lapsed into silence, led his horse beside us. In a few moments, I was busy at the bellows, and I must confess that never had I worked so hard. Not a moment's peace would this impatient stranger give us, and I hoped inwardly that my father would charge him a large sum for services rendered. After all, my father was the best blacksmith in the Massachusetts colony.

He proved this, too, beyond all shadow of doubt. His finest shoes went onto the legs of the animal who seemed so impatient as his master. I smiled to myself. "Now, Mister Impatience," I mused. "You will really pay for this."

I was wrong. Wrong and dumfounded. When the stranger took out his wallet, my father hastily thrust it toward him.

"I want no money," he said. "There is little enough service to render."

The stranger looked at him. "Bless you, James Finch," he said. "You are really one of us."

One of us? I stared blankly at my father as the man hastily rode away from us. The horse's new shoes rang loudly on the cobblestones.

"What's the matter, James boy?" my father inquired, noting the look on my face. "You seem quite early."

"I am sorry, sir," I said. "But it does not seem quite fair that you should be roused from bed, put your best set of shoes on a stranger's horse, and then not be paid. Should you have refused payment for being up and down? See the sky is already beginning to lighten."

My father's voice was low. "Take money on this day," he said softly. "Nay." He shook his head. "I believe that neither I, nor you, nor they who will come after you, will ever forget this eighteenth day of April, 1773. Nor that rider."

"Rider?" I cried, unable to conceal my surprise. "You did not even know his name, Sir."

My father smiled. "I did, James-boy," he said. "I should have introduced you to Mr. Paul Revere, the messenger." He put his arm around my shoulders. "Come now, James-boy," he said softly. "Back to your sleep. Only the Lord knows how much more sleep we will get in the days to come."

You tell it to
SOMEONE

Who repeats it to
SOMEONE

Who's overheard by
SOMEONE

in Axis pay, so
SOMEONE

you know . . . may die!

Office of
War Information
Washington, D. C.





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TUNE IN DICK TRACY-

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AT YOUR STORES
NO EXPIRATION DATE



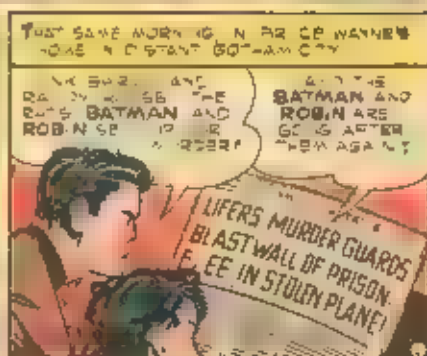
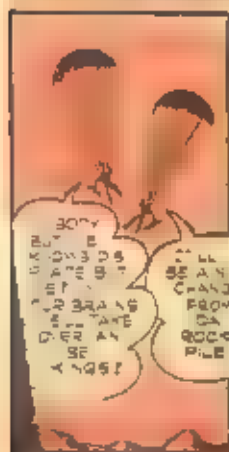
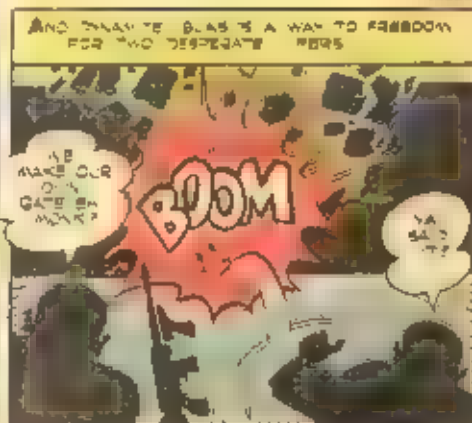
ROBIN

7255 500 1020000000

A close-up photograph of a piece of aged, yellowed paper. The paper is heavily stained with brown and black spots, particularly along the edges and in the center. Faint, illegible markings are visible throughout the paper, including what appears to be the word 'BATMAN' in a bold, sans-serif font near the bottom center. There are also some smaller, scattered characters and symbols, possibly remnants of a code or a stamp. The overall texture is rough and uneven.

**"CRIME COMES
to LOST MESA!"**





SOY T S TUA SLOK T E CERRY DUES
THE F T T S TUA SLOK T E CERRY DUES
THE BATPLANE!



BATMAN—
THERE'S SOMETHING
THERE!

ROB N—
THERE'S SOMETHING
THERE!



LOOK — S TUA
CLING FROM THE
VALLEY SIDE THAT
ESAP



RIGHT! AND FROM
THERE'S SOMETHING
THERE!



ALL BE—
THERE'S SOMETHING
THERE!

SHARP ENDS NOT A EMBR AONE
OF T F AEM AERS
A TENSE INTEREST



HEAT S TUA
TUE S TUA
BRVSS TUA
WARRORS!

SHARP ENDS NOT A EMBR AONE
OF T F AEM AERS
A TENSE INTEREST

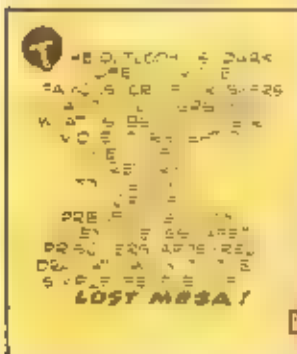


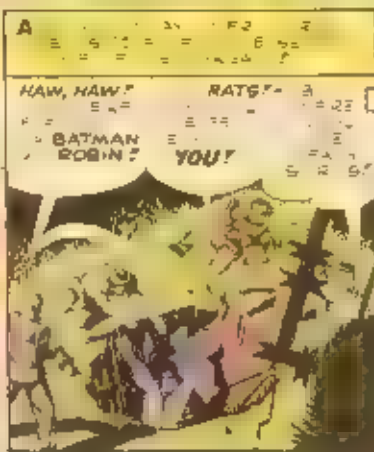
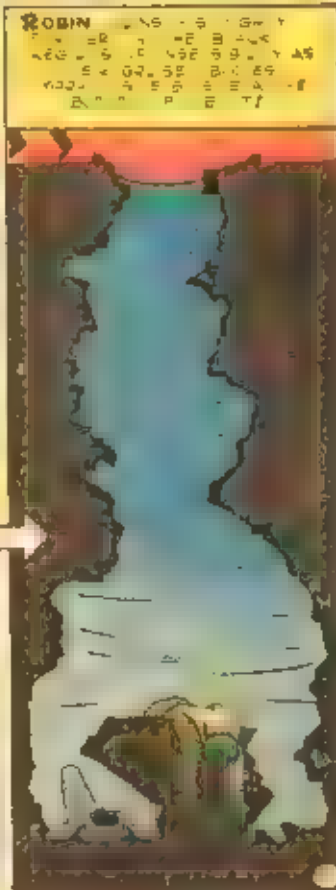
HEAT S TUA
TUE S TUA
BRVSS TUA
WARRORS!



GOT
YOU!

Ugh!







A SPECKLED BOY
FIGHTING
AGAINST
THE
BEANS

BATMAN AND ROBIN
DO
NEED
TO
MAKE
BEANS
-EAT
QUICK!

WHILE RANDY AND NICK C. WALK AT THE AWESOME SPECTACLE OF
THE FIRE DANCE OF DEATH

LOOK
AT
THE
BEANS
-EAT
QUICK!

HOW CAN I MAKE
MY PEOPLE
-EAT
QUICK!
THE
BEANS
-EAT
QUICK!

SUDDENLY THE DANCERS, BY THE GREAT
FIRE ON A LOT OF LONG POLES

THE FIRE SPOTS
HAVE
CARRY
THE
FLAMES
-EAT
QUICK!

AND THERE IS OVER THE OCEAN WHERE
AMERICA'S GREATEST COMBAT FIGHTERS
-EAT

THEY ARE JOINED BY
THE
FLAMES
-EAT
QUICK!

NICK IS RISKING ALL ON A SUBTLE PLAY

NICK'S HEAD
IS
THE
KEY
-EAT
QUICK!

WHAT!

THE
HEAD
IS
THE
KEY
-EAT
QUICK!

THE NEXT MOMENT...

THEY ARE
THE
KEY
-EAT
QUICK!

NO!
THE
PEOPLE
-EAT
QUICK!

Δ 1.5
 SET
 REF

W

ALL WE BUT
LE SA VE A
RE TAKING S
B. E. WAST A
BATMAN AN
ROBIN AT THE
ABOUT US?

DCN
 5 247 GE28
 E=247 1 24
 643.5 5 24
 SHDCN 2 1

4444
 6666
 0000 4444 6666
 8888 8

WE
ST L 3DT
L FIGHT
AL RD 447
HS 02 0
BT BUT
YNA 5
T 83



MORDU, THE UNSCRUPULOUS MEDICINE MAN, IS BEYOND THE AID OF MEDICINE?

ONE OF RANDY'S BULLETS MUST HAVE HIT HIM!

ARE - BUT FATE GUIDED THE BULLET?



I LIED - CHEATED - HOOPING TO MAKE MYSELF CHIEF! NOW THE SPIRITS I DISHONORED - ARE PUNISHING ME!...

AAA-A-A...

HE'S GONE?

YOU SPOKE TRULY WHEN YOU CALLED US MAD, O GREAT CHIEF? WE ARE SORRY!

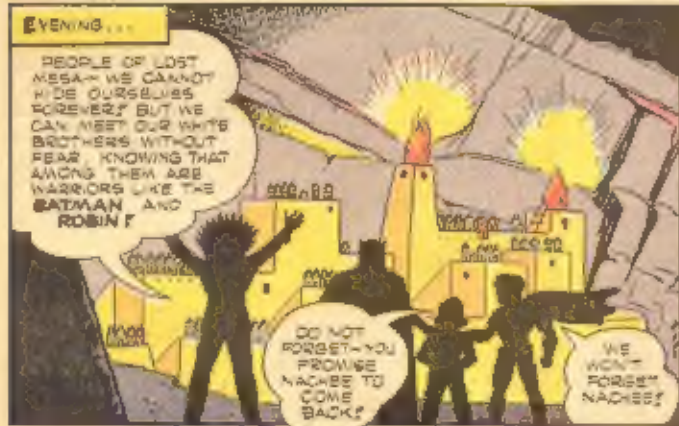


EVENING...

PEOPLE OF LOST MESA - WE CANNOT HIDE OURSELVES FOREVER! BUT WE CAN MEET OUR WHITE BROTHERS WITHOUT FEAR, KNOWING THAT AMONG THEM ARE WARRIORS LIKE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

DO NOT FORGET - YOU PROMISE NACHES TO COME BACK!

WE WON'T FORGET NACHES!



MIDNIGHT - AND TWO PARACHUTES FLOAT DOWNWARD FROM A LORTY PLANE...

WELL, BATMAN, WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF RANDY AND MONK!

HOPE?



IN THE YARD OF A SOUTHWESTERN PRISON...

SLAP ME IN SOLITARY IF RANDY AND MONK HAVEN'T COME HOME!

A SOLITARY CELL WILL LOOK GOOD AFTER WHAT DA BATMAN PUT US THROUGH!



AND NEXT DAY, IN GOTHAM CITY...

THEY LEFT ROBIN OUT OF THE HEADLINES?

AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T GET LEFT OUT OF THE FUN, HE WON'T KICK!



THE END.



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WASHINGTON

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